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# Editorial

This is a trial issue of a magazine concerning what goes on or what doesn't go on in the Marlborough R.S.A., and is issued with the blessing of the Executive. It has been considered by some members that with so many sub-branches there is difficulty in finding out the things that matter in the R.S.A. - that branches can be out of touch with the parent body and vice-versa. It is hoped that the magazine will thus be of particular benefit to those who, as one member has been heard to say, we only see when the Executive does an Albert Henry.

Members are invited to use the magazine to air their views and grievances, to pass on interesting information or anecdotes that all may benefit from their knowledge and experience, or from their sense of humour. You may find that from time to time you may be fined for 'dropping a clanger' and we hope our victims will take this in the spirit it is intended. All such fines, and indeed all profits from publication, are destined for our Hospital Comforts Fund.

It's another case of 'suck it and see' and the magazine's success will depend on you, its readers. If you think it's worthwhile, contribute - if you don't then do nothing and its another attempt to foster unity and mutual enjoyment, down the drain.

PAUL BRODIE  
EDITOR.

## Letters to the Editor

### Closing Time

This magazine will be published between the 8th and 10th of each month and available from the Bar. Closing date for any contributions is by the 30th of the previous month.

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### To Advertisers

To advertisers - copy for advertisements should reach the R.S.A. office Blenheim no later than the 25th of the month preceeding issue. Advertising rates may be obtained on application.

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The Editor is Paul Brodie, the sub-editor is Allan Gardiner and the magazine is printed by Gards Print Limited.

All letters to the Editor must be in by the 30th of the previous month.

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THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE ENTIRELY THOSE OF THE AUTHORS AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT OFFICIAL POINTS OF VIEW.

# Presidents Page

Your executive has decided to produce this magazine for a trial period.

It is hoped, through this magazine, to give members a closer insight into the day-to-day running of the Association. It's success will depend on the support it gets from you.

The problems regarding the bar carpet have been ironed out. I would like to point out that uneven pattern was no fault of the carpetlayers, and members who abused them were well and truly out of step. The executive were able to buy the carpet that was replaced at a very favourable price. By the time this goes to print it is hoped that it will be laid in the ladies lounge. It should give our Clubhouse quite a lift.

The T.V. and reading room is ready for use. It will be a great asset to the club. The plans for further alterations are on the notice board. Let's have your suggestions for improvements now. Not after the job is finished.

Last month my wife and I were guests of Rai Valley sub-branch at their annual dinner held at Canvastown. It was good to see so many executive members and their wives present. It gives country members a chance to meet and get to know them. Also present were members from Picton, Renwick and Havelock sub-branches. Regrettably the accusation of dormant branches was raised again this year. Anyone attending this function would find this hard to believe.

Flaxbourne sub-branch also had a dinner with widows and ex members as their guests, another successful evening.

Along with our Secretary, Ron Hemming and Jim Maxwell (Vice-president, Picton), I attended the N.Z.R.S.A. Conference. With delegates from Kaitaia to the Bluff attending, voicing their troubles and opinions, it is a very interesting and worthwhile experience.

It was with regret that the Executive accepted the resignation of Len Biddis, our head steward. Len has given the club many years of loyal service. Thank you Len, we all wish you a long and happy retirement.

NEWS ITEM

KEN YEALANDS

Rai Valley sub-branch have received a letter from the Internal Affairs Department complimenting them on the neat and tidy appearance of the Servicemen's Cemetery at the Rai.

# Last Post

50380	H.H. MASMUSSON
2/236	D.S. CLUNIES-ROSS
1076501	S. STEEL
5176978	A.J.D. WILKS
598051	L.J. NEWPORT
3350	W.J. EDGECOMBE

## After - Hospital Care

Any member willing to assist the welfare committee with home visiting please leave your names at the office or contact the Chairman Mr Win Giffin - telephone 87-807.

## New Members

Leonard Bernecker - 3rd Division Pacific  
 Joseph Lindsay (Picton) F/O U.K.  
 E. E. Morton - L.342549  
 W. B. Love - G. 43384

## Welfare

The R.S.A. and Patriotic Council have ordered two active Walkers or Walking frames.  
 The Pat's "walker" will be lent to a W.W.1 veteran when he returns home from Hospital.

The other "walker" will remain at the R.S.A. Club Rooms to assist members with a disability when they wish to visit the club.



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## PROTECTING A CLUB CHARTER

Some time ago the Licensing Control Commission in their Annual Report to Parliament, included the following comments, which we consider well worth repeating:

"A club is defined as a voluntary association of persons combined for promoting the common object of private social intercourse, convenience and comfort, and providing its own liquor and not for purposes of gain. It has an obligation only to its members and not to the public. Admission is restricted to its members and on occasions to their bona fide guests under an approved rule.

The admission of visitors should at all times be subordinated to the comfort, wellbeing and satisfaction of the club's members.

These principles are well known to clubs and it is hoped to all their members. Despite this it is a never-ending source of wonderment to the commission that a small number of clubs each year place their own chapters in jeopardy and bring discredit on their kindred clubs by breaking these rules. The most common complaints received by the commission during the year related to breaches of the visitors rules and the selling of liquor either "on" or "off" the premises to non-members. It seems inevitable that sooner or later the commission will be presented with sufficient evidence to call upon a club to show cause why its charter should not be suspended or revoked."

Perhaps it should be stated here and now that there is a difference between a club "charter" and a hotel or tavern "licence". A club charter is granted free of cost; it authorises the club to sell liquor to its members; it authorises the admission of members bona fide guests under an approved rule and it authorises, under certain conditions, the admission of members of affiliated clubs. If the club's charter is for "off sales", liquor may be sold for that purpose only to a member of that club; it is illegal to sell "off-sales" liquor to a member of an affiliated club or to a member's guest and it is illegal to purchase such liquor for a member of an affiliated club, a member's guest or for any other person or persons.

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A club may fix its own opening and closing hours between 9 am and 10 pm with a maximum of eleven hours daily Monday to Saturday; it need not open if it does not wish to. It is not subject to Price Tribunal orders as it is a "private institution". A club pays an annual charter fee.

A hotel has to provide meals and accommodation for the public to a standard fixed by the commission; it cannot vary its opening or closing hours without the authority of a Licensing Committee (and then for a period of six months). It has to pay for the grant of a "licence" and an annual fee. A tavern does not have to provide accommodation but it has to pay for the grant of a licence plus an annual fee and a "tavern tax" of 3% of the cost of its liquor purchases.

Quite often a newly-elected committeeman believes his club can do anything a hotel or tavern can do because his club has been authorised to sell liquor. He forgets the former is a "private institution", the latter a "public house" and that the law defines just what each may and shall do. He forgets that a member pays a subscription to join a club so that he may drink with people of his own choosing instead of being jostled by all and sundry in a "public house" bar. And members, too, forget that a club is authorised to sell liquor to its members as ... "an added amenity" ... and ... "not for purposes of gain". Do you realise that if a club's charter is revoked, those premises can not again be used as a chartered club. ARE YOU PROTECTING YOUR CLUB'S CHARTER?

## **COMPETITION**

We are running a competition for a title and a design for the cover of this magazine. All entries must be drawn on white paper and made clear, using a black pen. Judges decision will be final. Applications close at the Secretary's office of the R.S.A. on 30th August 1978. Remember, its a title and cover design. A bottle of whisky or gin will be given to the winner.

**THANKS-** Eric (Wilkes) for your donation of \$10 for the Magazine.

# MY LAST ESCAPE ATTEMPT

By Mick Holland (Reprint from Pow Wow)

Through the Bremner Pass and into German territory! Was this to be the end of my free and easy wandering? The brutal discomfort of that train journey gave no promise of easier conditions in Germany and my hopes were at a low ebb. We stopped for a while at Munich, but that did us no good at all for we were not allowed off the train. The tedious wait ended at last and we continued on our weary way but only for another 2½ hours and thirty miles. It was grand to get out of that damn train, but the place did not look very promising to my experienced eyes. Mooseberg! We marched off without much delay, and shortly I got my first sight of Stalag 7 A which was to be my home for the next few months. I was not impressed!

The first 24 hours were spent in the usual hanging around; waiting to be finger-printed, waiting again for that awful hang-around-your-neck dog-tag, and then waiting again for other things. After that it was a case of trying to settle down to P.O.W. life again - and that wasn't easy after the large amount of freedom I had enjoyed in Italy. For the first few weeks I spent a large part of each day studying the routine of the Camp - looking in particular for that weak link that would offer a chance of escape. There was no weak link that I could see, but I have strayed far from the main gate in the mornings - just in case. Then came a chance to at least get out of the Camp. There was a call one morning for 20 prisoners to help a farmer get his hay in, I was one of the first to volunteer, and next morning we took off for the farm which was about twenty miles away. Any visions we had of even the most elementary mechanical harvesting equipment were soon dispersed; every man was issued with an old-fashioned scythe - which

produced the best crop of blisters you ever saw. I once, years before stopped to admire the rhythmic swing of an old man using a scythe, and I thought at that time that a scythe was a remarkably easy and effective tool to use. I was soon disillusioned! A scythe is the most awkward, unsuitable and cantankerous weapon ever invented for harvesting; I must admit however that it is eminently suited to putting bone-deep gashes in shins and for digging shallow holes in the ground - incidentally, the dirt from these holes, is thrown with unerring aim straight into the eyes of the user of this fiendish weapon!

Shortly after mid-day on our third day on the farm I saw our one and only guard deep in conversation with the farmer, and both of them had their backs to us. Quickly I hid the scythe in the wheat, grabbed a rake, and scuttled off at a crouching run through the four-foot high wheat, heading for the highway about thirty yards away. I walked along the highway - perhaps slouched would be a more descriptive word -

trying to look like a farmer without a care in the world. Brazenly I kept to the road all the way - even when I passed through towns and villages. That night I left the road to sleep in a patch of bush, but got back on the road again early in the morning and headed towards Munich. By the middle of the third day I was so tired and hungry that I turned off the road and sat down under a tree to rest. I was asleep in no time at all. I woke up to find a German policeman standing over me with a lethal-looking Luger pointed in the general direction of my head! I didn't argue with that.

He bundled me into his car and drove me back to a town I had passed through on my first day of freedom. At Police Headquarters he questioned me at length, and then I asked how he came to pick me up. He showed me a huge map of the area and then pointed out my course since I had cleared off from the farm. People all along my route had phoned in as I passed, he told me, but he was too busy to come after me earlier. He locked me up and soon came in with a good meal and some cigarettes. Next day I was back in 7 A.

Some two months later the huge American air raids on the acres of Munich's railway marshalling yards began in real earnest. Those yards had to be seen to be believed - there were something like a hundred sets of lines running through the yards, and they were reputed to be the largest marshalling yards in all Europe. The Yanks obviously realized the importance of the target and they really pasted Hell out of it, twice a week initially. After each raid a special train would take about 200 prisoners

from our Camp in to the City to clean up the mess. The great Super-Fortresses used our Camp as a turning point on their flight-path and came right over the Camp. We always had plenty of warning that we would be required to clean up the mess - and what an ungodly mess it was! There would be huge diesel locomotives up-side-down, on their sides, and even the odd one standing on its nose - but the damage to the rolling stock was as nothing compared to the literally acres of these lines, and after each raid they resembled nothing quite as much as a huge brawl of snakes suddenly paralysed in their obscene contortions. And we had the job of sorting out that sort of thing! It seemed hopeless - especially when one considers that P.O.W.'s are not quite the most co-operative people in the world - but somehow the yards became operable again. A few days later, however, another raid would create the same havoc.

I worked, after a fashion - watched and waited. There appeared to be one guard to every 20 prisoners, so I guessed that my chance would come if I was alert enough to see it. And the chance did come - sooner than I expected. The raids were getting heavier all the time, and the deafening roar of the great Super-Fortresses could be heard for a long time before they became visible.

One Monday the Yanks dumped a heavier than usual load of bombs on the marshalling yards, and on the Tuesday morning the usual swarm of P.O.W.'s including me, were there to clean up the mess. At 11 am the Yanks surprised the Germans and us

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# ADVICE TO YOUTH

The following article appeared in "The American Advertising Age" as an editorial and we reprint it here without comment.

"Always we hear the plaintive cry of teenagers: "What can we do, where can we go?"

"The answer is - go home. Hang the storm windows, paint the woodwork, rake the leaves, mow the lawn, shovel the walk, wash the car, learn to cook, scrub the floors. Repair the sink, build a boat, get a job. Help the Minister, Priest or Rabbi, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army. Visit the sick assist the poor, study your lessons. And then when you are through - and not too tired - read a book.

Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your village does not owe you recreation facilities. The world does not owe you a living.

You owe the world something. You owe it your time and energy, and your talents so that no one will be at war, or in poverty, sick or lonely again.

In plain, simple words, grow up. Quit being a cry-baby. Get out of your dream world and start acting like a man or a lady."

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by coming over again and dropping an equally heavy load ... The guards, the prisoners, and everyone else in Munich it seemed, raced for their air raid shelters. I raced too, but not for an air-raid shelter! I shot across the yards and up the steps to the overbridge which spanned the whole width of the marshalling yards, there I mingled with the hurrying crowd of cars, trucks, and pedestrians struggling to get off the bridge before the bombs started to rain down. It was bedlam on that bridge with the roar of traffic and the yells and screams of people, but over all the other noises rose the high-pitched wail of the warning sirens. I had no intention of being on a part of the bridge where a bomb wanted to go off so I threaded my way through the traffic at top speed. And everyone was so busy trying to get themselves out of danger that they paid not the slightest attention to me.

I reckon I broke at least ten speed records getting away from the vicinity of the railway yards, spurred on by the thunder of the Fortresses doing their work. I dived into a bakery while the racket was still going on and bought a long torpedo of bread from the terrified woman behind the counter, and added a healthy chunk of cheese from the grocery next-door. In the outer suburbs I found a wooded area just before dark and went to ground in a warm spot. With a full stomach and a carefree mind I slept all through the night. Early next morning I washed and shaved at a secluded stream nearby; it was one of my maxims that a clean and tidy man seldom rates a second glance - it is the scruffy escaper who usually gets caught quickly. Every day of my P.O.W. life I carried the necessary

toilet articles of my person, and that one fact was probably the deciding factor in seizing the escape opportunities the instant they appeared, and it almost surely helped me to stay on the loose for long periods in some of my escapes.

Assuming that the people of Munich would be too tensed up with the fear of a third raid to pay much attention to me I headed back into the centre of the city, and a damn long walk it was too. On my way I stopped at a large cafe and had a mug of beer and some lunch - this was about 11 am so the place wasn't too crowded. I decided to have a good look around the city centre while I was there, but I didn't see a great deal of it for I had good reason to give up that idea. I was strolling past the Central Railway Station when I spotted a grey Mercedes Staff car parked at the kerb - I stopped to look. That was a very interesting car! There were two large suitcases on the back seat, the driver's door was not locked, and the keys were in the ignition! I could scarcely believe that anyone could be so careless, so I strolled over to the main entrance to the station and had a casual peep inside. There was no sign of a German Officer, no sign of an Army driver, in fact there was no one in uniform at all, and not a soul hanging around doing nothing. I walked back to the car and casually slipped behind the wheel. A few moments later I drove off down the street at a respectable if slightly sedate pace. I'd never driven one of these cars before, and I didn't want to make a mess of a gear-change.

At the first intersection I turned South towards Innsbruck and

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let the car run along a little more briskly. A few miles out of town I pulled into a quiet side road and investigated the suitcases. The first one was crammed with personal gear and clothing, including a well-cut civilian suit. The second contained only a uniform - the complete uniform of a German Colonel. I put on the uniform jacket and cap and drove on. Blissfully I sailed along the road, and the car purred. I knew I must be getting close to the Brenner Pass eventually, but I didn't worry unduly. When the entrance to the Pass came in sight, I could see that the check-point had only two guards. I sailed past at a steady 40 and casually slung a Nazi salute in return when the guards stood back and saluted. I wondered whether they were saluting me or the pennant fluttering from the radiator-top. I didn't give a damn either way! One thing was certain, if that was the only checkpoint in the Pass I would be back in Italy by night-fall.

Unfortunately for me that wasn't the only check-point. As I approached the exit from the Pass I spotted a fairly large building beside the road; and there were far more armed Germans visible than I cared to see. I quickly dumped the uniform jacket and cap behind the front seat, and when I pulled up at the check-point I was wearing my much worn civilian suit again. There wasn't a hope in the world of 'flying' that check with all those armed Jerries around - plus machine-gun nests on both sides of the road.

When I say that I was a bit of a sensation at the check-point I'm understating the case. A civilian driving a German Staff car, impossible. Just as well I wasn't wearing that jacket and cap! The phone between

there and Munich must have been getting a little hot during the next two hours with calls back and forth - and they questioned me every minute of that long two hours. I made no bones about the fact that I had escaped from Stalag 7 A, and I dragged out my dog-tags to prove it. Next day I was sent back to Munich on a truck. Back in the city I had to endure an even more prolonged interview by an S.S. officer, and then they locked me in a cell for a week before sending me back to 7 A. I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about, they got their car back undamaged. And I suppose the Colonel got his suitcases back sometime or other, plus I hope, a good hefty kick in the rear for his carelessness.

That was the end of my escape attempts, for though I was sent back to Stalag 7 A, I didn't stay there long before I was transferred to Stalag 383. A couple of months later the whole Camp started out on the Long Trek, and far too many blokes didn't live to see the end of that hike. Enough has been written about that tragic and brutal pilgrimage across Europe - it is best forgotten, if one can forget.

Rescued by the Americans we were flown down to Belgium and then on to England. Eventually, after all the formalities and medical checks, I was given a month's leave. Perhaps escaping had become habitual by then - it was a full three months before I reported back, and in that time I had had a quick look at most of England, Scotland and Ireland. Two months A.W.O.L. - perhaps I was luckier than most for I got away with it every time

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### ADVERTISEMENTS

Short advertisements will be accepted for a phenomenal fee to be paid to Hospital Comforts. Some suggestions are:-

WANTED TO BUY, SELL SWAP - say 50 cents a time.

WORK WANTED - WORK OFFERED say 50 cents.

Plus any other advertisements approved by the Editors.

### COMPLAINTS AND SUGGESTIONS

Here's the chance to air your views and gain support from other members. Keep the paper-work short - no long epistles and please use a typewriter that can spell.

We heard some suggestions at the A.G.M. For instance are we just a tavern or are we a club in the full sense of the word. If we are a club then what are we doing for entertainment for our members other than providing them with reasonably cheap beer and somewhere to take their ladies where they can be poked in the ear with a billiard cue?

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# THIS MONTHS PERSONALITY



Popular staff member Len Biddis retires from his position as head steward this month after 13 years of dispensing refreshments and the odd winner or two, to members.

Len has led a varied and interesting life. He spent a total of 18 years in the whaling industry, 15 of them at Tory Channel. After five years overseas with Div. Cav he returned to buy a farm at Hakana Bay, Port Underwood, where he was to spend the ensuing 23 years.

It was during this period at Hakana that some of the more interesting events of his life occurred. In the early 50's Len was the first to arrive at the scene of an RNZAF DC3 crash. He had been advised by the Marlborough Express that a plane was missing in the area. He had earlier seen aircraft activity near his farm and he set out to try to locate the aircraft. After searching for some time he eventually came across the wreckage, on Scraggy Ridge. He had extinguished the still burning aircraft when the first rescue party arrived on the scene. It took the rescue parties 13 hours to bring the bodies of the two Air Force pilots back to Blenheim. Len figured that if the plane had been 150 ft higher it would have cleared the ridge. Commanders MacLeod and Makgill were killed in the crash.

Len himself had a narrow escape when the launch on which he was returning from a fishing trip was heeled over by a huge wave as they crossed the Wairau Bar. Eight of the nine occupants

were thrown into the sea. Len managed to regain the boat and helped to get another two people on board. Five lives were lost in the tragedy. Len recalls that he was in a state of shock at the time but "Toby Cantwell had a bottle of Scotch which helped me to recover somewhat."

In another boating incident Len and his brother were taking stores to the settlers at Port Underwood. On the journey from Rarangi to the port they shipped two heavy seas and were forced to beach their boat at Whites Bay. They had walked halfway back to Rarangi when they were found by Mrs H. W. Rutledge who had been alerted by Mrs Biddiss that the men were missing. Fortunately neither man suffered any harm from the incident.

Len also had a hand in the laying of the Cook Strait cable. He manned the muster station at the Port. He has a large collection of memories from this period that would more than fill this complete magazine.

Len has had a long association with the sea and in his younger days he was notable in speedboat racing. His boat Remember Me? made several attempts on N.Z. records at the time in the Crackerbox class. He ran second in the Bugler Shield one year on Picton harbour and also competed on several occasions at the New Brighton carnivals.

Len married the former Kath Merlet in 1948. He recalls their first meeting. "It was prior to my going overseas. I had a friend in Picton Hospital and was visiting her. I had partaken of a few ales during the day and this sister-in-charge took a rather dim view of my condition. I told her she'll be right, I'll come back and marry you." That is exactly what Len did, for Kath was that sister-in-charge.

He started at the RSA as a cleaner in 1965 and the following year was appointed head steward. He has thoroughly enjoyed his time at the club and says: " I have met people from North Cape to the Bluff and from overseas, in addition to all the local characters who come in here." In the latter category Len regards Johnny McFarlane, George Lane and Jack Allen as amongst the hardest cases he has come across.

Les Watson is another character. Since he started at the RSA Len and Les have had their "five bob double" every race day. "We won a few and lost plenty, but it has been great fun and gave us an interest in the races." In a club where so many people are in and out it is only natural that you run into these characters and it would be impossible for Len to recall them all.

Continued on Page 22

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**&**

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**Bill & Bev Lawson (Prop.)**

## The Court Is In Session

The judges decision is final, so pay all fines to Bob Ferris or Keith Jamieson. Anyone who makes a bad blue is liable to be fined in next month's issue.

All profits made from the "Court" as well as the magazine will be donated to 'Hospital Comfort' funds.

... Jim Clunies Ross for selling Cocos Island to Australia without giving Jim Slade first option.  
FINE 20 CENTS.

... Hori Hester for abusing our local Rugby Selectors. Afraid jail if he keeps this up. FINE 20 CENTS

... Corporal Roy Bestson for spending too much time in W.A.A.F.'s showers (if his wife only knew!!) Has lost his stripes as part of his punishment. FINE 20 CENTS.

... Ian Moore the wooden legged fisherman for shooting Wekas out of season. FINE 20 CENTS.

... Bill Humphries for over-staying his time at the T.A.B. so neglecting his precious orchids. FINE 20 CENTS.

... Bob Ferris for spending too much time away from his job, firm really up in arms!! FINE 20 CENTS.

... Allan Gardiner locked his keys in the boot while in Nelson. FINE 20 CENTS.

... For obstructing other drivers on the Rarangi Road Vern Barratt FINE 20 CENTS for driving in the rain with a golf umbrella.

The wife of one of our very prominent members dropped him in recently. When about to replenish his lunch box for the hard days work ahead, "Ike" she said, "How come you've got cheese and biscuits left in your lunch box, you know I don't put any in?"

(He has been asked to park his lunch box away from the cheese and biscuits when he comes in for his evening beer and has been asked to make a donation of 50 cents to Hospital Comforts.)

### HONEY OR MOLASSES - IS THERE ANY DIFFERENCE?

Poppa Mole, Momma Mole and their two baby moles were strolling through the forest one bright summer day, looking for honey which they dearly love to eat. Every now and then Poppa Mole in the lead would hold up his hand to halt them in Indian file while they all sniffed the breeze to locate honey. Each time Poppa Mole would say to Momma Mole "Do you smell honey? And each time down the line the message would go and always the answer was no. Finally tail end Charlie Mole got fed up with all these stops and next time the question was asked "Do you smell honey?" he replied in disgruntled tones, "No only molasses"

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### What's On This

- |    |        |   |
|----|--------|---|
| 16 | AUGUST | FAREWELL FUNCTION FOR LEN BIDDIS                                    |
| 16 | "      | POOL - MASONIC HOTEL AT THE CLUB                                    |
| 19 | "      | R.S.A. INDOOR BOWLS. VISIT FROM RANGIORA PLAYING FOR FISHER SHIELD. |
| 21 | "      | R.S.A. LADIES ENTERTAINING W.W.I. VETERANS.                         |
| 23 | "      | POOL - MASONIC HOTEL AT THE MASONIC.                                |
| 30 | "      | WOODBOURNE TAVERN POOL - AT WOODBOURNE TAVERN.                      |
| 6  | SEPT   | WOODBOURNE TAVERN POOL - AT THE CLUB                                |

### REMINDER

The following re-unions will be held:-

26th N.Z. Battalion 10/11th March 1979.

R.N.Z.A.S.C. 27/28/29th April 1979.

Ex Malayan Services Labour Weekend 1979.

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## Month In Your Club

### TROTTING NEWS



#### Horses to follow this month

BY "ARAPAHO"

- "Hooky Hanover" 3 c Truant Hanover - Marquana  
Qualified in a fast time at Timaru.  
Might need a hard track.
- "Black Stump" 6 h Majestic Chance - Black Anne  
Look for this fellow to win early.
- "Marshall Fields" 4 h Mark Lobell - Carretta  
Has been running his races in front.  
Look out when tried behind.
- "Gentle Tag" 5 g Jersey Hanover - Cote Dior  
Should carry on in a winning way.

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# On The Mat

## WOMENS SECTION INDOOR BOWLING

---

June and July were busy months, high-lights were all day pairs, won by Mrs P. Molineux, and Mrs E. March. We entertained the Foresters Lodge members to a social evening, enjoyed by all.

July all day rinks, won by Mrs Kings rink, Mrs R. Fuller and Mrs A. Woodfield.

Each month we have an invitation afternoon when members are allowed to invite a friend or husband. We played the mens club for the Perkins Rose Bowl, and won. This is an annual event.

M. RODGER  
Secretary

### COMBINED INDOOR BOWLS

A busy bowling season to date with Club Championships being held Club nights, and visiting Sister Clubs and them visiting our Club.

On 19th August Rangiora R.S.A. members are visiting the local Club to play for the Fisher Shield. A Social Evening will be held to entertain the visitors.

Club Championships played so far resulted in the following players being successful.

RINKS Tony Jordan (Skip) Eva Kennington, E. March and Kath Gane.

PAIRS Margaret Harland (Skip) Ivy Enright.

CLUB WINNER FOR TRANS TOURS SINGLES Tony Jordan.

SINGLES P. Haack.

## **This is Your CLUB HAVE YOUR SAY**

Having been a member of Marlborough R.S.A. for quite a few years and bringing my lady friend into the Ladies and Escorts Lounge Bar on most Friday and Saturday evenings, I find that entertainment is sadly lacking.

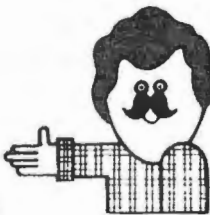
I agree that some members are content to play snooker or pool and these members are in the majority but what about the minority, surely they are entitled to some form of entertainment. Perhaps somebody playing the piano or an accordion or some such music, or even playing the fool would add a bit of life to the club. I feel sure that if this idea was pursued more members would bring their wives and friends to the R.S.A. instead of going to the Blenheim Workingmens Club or local Hotels and Taverns.

Let us make the Marlborough R.S.A. a better Club or further than that "the best R.S.A. in New Zealand." This is our club so lets enjoy ourselves in it.

# Report From The Secretary

## ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM EXECUTIVE MEETING 2/8/78

- LEN BIDDIS Social get together Wednesday 16th August in Public Lounge. Members and friends. Presentation of Colour T.V. set.
- NEW BUILDING Final instalment paid total cost \$33,547.
- CARPET Main Bar and Lounge Bar and Hallway and T.V. room complete \$6,200 less sale of old carpet \$400, net cost \$5,800.
- DRAPES T.V. room \$437.
- PROPERTY COMMITTEE Permission granted to proceed with Ladies Toilets, West end (amended plan) and uplifting ceiling both sides of bar. Plans and specifications to be completed and tenders called.
- WORKS TO BE COMPLETED Cupboards to be built for Pool Club. Darts Club and Trophy case in corner section of T.V. room, to carry T.V. set. Lights to be adjusted.
- N.Z.R.S.A. BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIP 1979 The National Outdoor Bowling Championships will be held at Christchurch on 24th and 25th March, 1979. The Marlborough R.S.A. has agreed to enter a team. The winners of the Elimination Tournaments to be held in the new year will represent the Association.
- SALVATION ARMY COMPLEX Five acre block donated Stoke, Nelson. Marlborough R.S.A. contribution over three year period \$2,500. Second payment now due of \$850. for 1978. Marlborough contribution plus Government subsidy enabled a cottage to be built. The President will represent the R.S.A. on Sunday 24th September when the cottages will be dedicated and opened. Our Cottage is to be named Marlborough Cottage.



## on the **MARKET NOW**

### FOR SALE

R.S.A. Ties (Old Type) available at Bar - price \$4.50.

---

R.S.A. Ties (new style) for sale at Bar - price \$3.00.

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R.S.A. Pocket Monograms at Bar price \$3.50.

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R.S.A. Cuff Links available at Bar \$3.30.

---

R.S.A. Ball Pens at 30c each .

---

R.S.A. Pennants for sale at Bar - price \$1.25.

---

Durox sidings (old type) apply to Sub-Editor.

---

One coil of fowl netting - 2'6" wide, apply to Sub-Editor.

---

On his return from overseas Len had to have a kidney removed and he has had several leg operations, mainly the result of cartilage trouble. Apart from that he has managed to keep in reasonably good health. No doubt his years on the land have seen him in good stead.

Since being head steward Len has not had a great deal of time for leisure, but he has a great fondness for dancing. In his retirement he hopes also to get in a bit more time on the bowling green. "And I've had a boat and outboard for five years that has never been used. Maybe now I'll be able to get in a bit of fishing."

Len also has plans for an overseas trip. He visited 19 countries during the war but has a hankering to visit Canada, and perhaps a trip to Los Angeles and Disneyland could be on the itinerary. He and Kath may also call in on their son, Ian, who is at present working on a Melbourne newspaper.

All members will wish Len well in his retirement and hope that he and Kath will enjoy their retirement plans. However, Len has the last word: "Retirement, well I'm beginning to wonder. They have already asked me to come back so that Dick can go on his holidays." **BEST OF LUCK FOR THE FUTURE, LEN AND KATH.**

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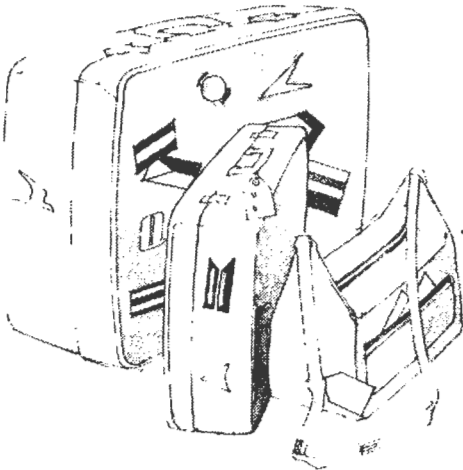
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## Tribute to Len

This story is told of a barman, who back in sixty five  
Gave away his tools of trade to really come alive.  
He took on the job of barman at the local R.S.A.  
And rose through the ranks to Head Steward, the rank he  
holds to this day.  
He has lost count of the gins he has poured  
And the beers that have given us joy  
But in August we're going to lose this man  
For then he will be retiring as, another Muldoon Boy



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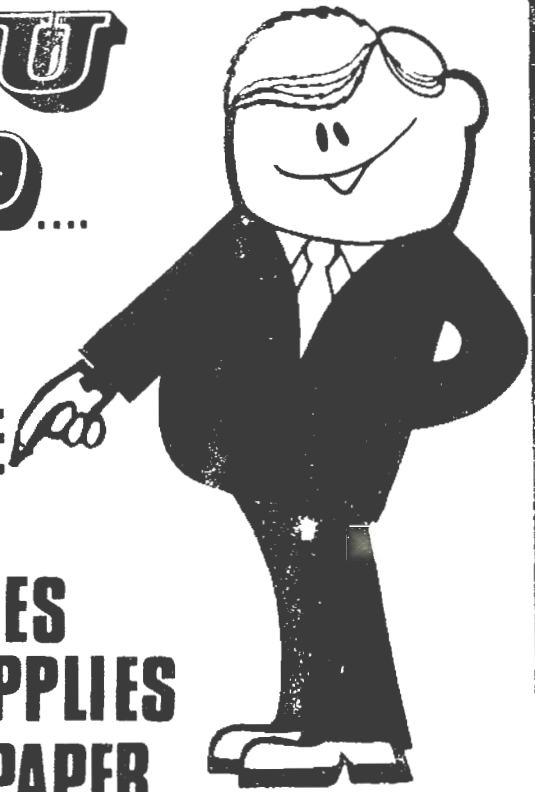
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# Our Fair Ladies

What has turned out to be one of the social successes of the Women's Section are the afternoons held once a month during the winter months for World War 1 veterans, widows and widowers. A happy afternoon is spent in cards, housie or just a friendly chat followed by entertainment. At the June meeting section members sang some old songs to which everyone joined in. Les Watson was in his usual good form and sang us a song. Bruce Parker entertained at the July afternoon with the piano and piano accordion and these items were very much enjoyed. Afternoon tea brings the afternoons to a close.

The ladies also spent an enjoyable day in Picton recently when they played bowls and cards against the Picton Section. We lost both trophies to Picton but we had a lovely day out.

Also still on the subject of bowls, the Wally Perkins Rose Bowl was played for recently and it is reported that the women beat the men by a good margin. Good on the ladies.

---

## MARLBOROUGH R.S.A. COMMITTEES 1978-79

---

### WELFARE

W. GIFFIN (CHAIRMAN)  
R. FERRIS  
A.C. THURLOW  
G. CAMERON

### FINANCE

B. JAMES (CHAIRMAN)  
W. GIFFIN  
V. ANDERSON

### PROPERTY

G. GARDINER (CHAIRMAN)  
A. GARDINER  
W. BODDINGTON

### MANAGEMENT

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TWO VICE PRESIDENTS  
TREASURER  
IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT

### AWARDS

G. CAMERON (CHAIRMAN)  
R. HEMMING  
T. NEAL  
N. JELLYMAN

### CHARTER

V. ANDERSON (CHAIRMAN)  
J. GRIFFITHS  
P. BRODIE  
G. GARDINER  
R. HEMMING

### SOCIAL, SPORTING INCLUDING GOLF

T. NEAL (CHAIRMAN)  
R. BEAN  
R. FERRIS  
A. GARDINER

### KINDRED ASSOCIATIONS

### CEMETERY

N.K. JELLYMAN (CHAIRMAN)  
S. WATSON  
W. BODDINGTON

Marlborough Provincial  
Council  
Heritage  
Red Cross  
Liaison Officer A.T.C.  
College Outdoor Living

MR W. GIFFIN  
MR K. YEALANDS  
MR N.K. JELLYMAN  
MR J. HENDERSON  
MR R. BEAN

# THEN THERE WAS THE ONE ABOUT...

A man hires a private detective to follow his wife and her lover. The detective reports: "They went to the show together then to a nightclub, then to another nightclub, and came home in a taxi half drunk. Then they went up to his apartment. I climbed up on the fire-escape and watched them through the window. They drank some more and he chased her around the table and threw her on the hearth-rug in front of the fire and tore off her clothes with his teeth. Then he carried her into the bedroom. The shades were down in the bedroom so that's all I saw!" "That's it" says the husband, striking himself on the forehead, "that's it, always that doubt!"

Manager: "You say, sir, that you were in your last job for 20 years. Why did you leave?"  
Job applicant, "I was paroled."

It was long after midnight. The author looked haggard and worn. He had been working on his novel. "Darling" called his wife, "Are you coming to bed?" "No" muttered the author, "I've got the pretty girl in the clutches of the villain and I want to get her out." "How old is the girl?" asked the wife. "Twenty two" the writer said. "Then put out the lights and come to bed" snapped the wife. "She's old enough to take care of herself."

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A marriage-broker was describing a girl in glowing terms to a prospect.

"She's beautiful, educated, fine family, money in the bank, etc.

The prospect was suspicious.

"If she's such a bargain, what would she want with me, he asked  
"What's the catch"

"Well to tell you the truth"  
said the marriage broker, "she's just the least little bit pregnant.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Daddy, can you still do tricks?"

"What do you mean, my son, do tricks?"

"Well, mamma says that when you were young you used to drink like a fish.

\* \* \* \* \*

At a bachelor dinner for the groom the night before the wedding he was asked if he was going to be a man or a mouse, the difference being:-

"If you're a man you'll do it the first night; if you're a mouse you'll wait till the second night!"

"I guess I must be a louse" he said, "I did it last night."

\* \* \* \* \*

The patient was recovering from pneumonia. He had asked repeatedly for food and finally the nurse served him a mere spoonful of rice. A few moments later he called her again and said. "Now I want to read a little. Bring me a postage stamp.

A young man tried hard to seduce a girl on promise of marriage, but she steadfastly refused to give in till their wedding night.

After making love to her then, he admitted ruefully, "You know you were right not to let me before - I never would have married you if you had."

"Don't I know it" said the bride, "that's the way the last five guys fooled me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It happened on a crowded bus.

The thermometer dropped to below 10 degrees, and all the windows were closed and the heater was working full blast.

Unable to stand the lack of ventilation, a woman asked the man alongside her to open a window. As he got up to oblige another woman snapped. "If you open that window, I shall freeze to death."

The first woman snapped back, "And if he doesn't I shall suffocate.

Caught between the two opposing forces, the man turned to another male passenger for help.

"What would you do?"

"Frankly," the other said,

"I'd open the window and freeze one woman, then close it again and suffocate the other."

\* \* \* \* \*

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**TODAY'S GREAT DRINK**

# Sub-Branch News

## FLAXBOURNE SUB-BRANCH

Jim Loe was re-elected president, and Ross Sharpe secretary-treasurer at the Annual General Meeting of the Flaxbourne Sub - branch held recently.

A party of thirty, including widows of former members, was welcomed to the City Hotel by President Jim Loe on the occasion of Flaxbourne's biennial dinner on 6th July. Arrangements for the dinner were in the hands of Fred Cockram and a most enjoyable evening was had by all.

Former President, Wally Bowers has retired to town. An allotment, not far from their home in Alabama Road allows Wally and Betty to indulge their bulb and rose growing interests.

Jack Thomson is thinking of setting up a factory to process sea resources, if any more whales see fit to strand themselves on Ward Beach.

### PICTON BRANCH

#### WHO'S WHO ON PICTON BRANCH EXECUTIVE

J.H. TAYLOR (Jim) Gold Star, Certificate of Merit, President. W.W.2 Corporal R.N.Z. Corps of Signals, Retired Senior Post Office Clerk. Jim has served on the Executive since 1948 and has been president for the years 1966 to 1969 and since 1977. He is also Clubhouse Chairman.

\* \* \* \* \*

G.P. MATTINGLEY (Gordon) Life Member, Secretary/Treasurer. W.W.2. Stoker N.Z. Division Royal Navy. Retired Farmer. Gordon has served on the executive since 1973, and has been sec/treasurer since 1974. Also sec/treasurer of the Clubhouse Committee and Finance and Charter Chairman.

\* \* \* \* \*

R.G. GIBB (Rex) Vice President. K. Force Bombardier 1949-52. Rex has served on the executive since 1975. Vice President since 1976. Freezer Foreman Waitaki N.Z. Refrigerating Co. Clubhouse Committee Vice Chairman, and Social Committee Chairman.

\* \* \* \* \*

J. MAXWELL (Jim) Vice President. W.W.2. 18th Armoured Reg. Jim has served on the executive since 1975 Vice President since 1977, Foreman carpenter. Clubhouse Committee and Chairman of Property Committee.

\* \* \* \* \*

C.M. TAYLOR (Clive) Immediate Past President. W.W.2. Chef 20th Battalion. Leading hand Freezing works. Clive has been on the executive since 1972. Vice President 1973 to 1975. President 1975 to 1977. Cemetery Committee.

\* \* \* \* \*

F.P. ASHFIELD (Peter) Leading Stoker, N.Z. Division Royal Navy. W.W.2. Served on H.M.S. Greenwich & Cheviot, 1943/45. Borough Council Foreman. Elected to executive 1978. Property Committee.

\* \* \* \* \*

H.J. COOK (Jim) W.W.2 Air Force. Air sea rescue Pacific area. Chief electrician Rail Ferries. Jim has served a previous term on the executive from 1958 to 1969 and was President from 1961 to 1966. He was re-elected with a large majority at this year's elections.

\* \* \* \* \*

H.R. FREDERICKS (Ross) 'J' Force and 'K' Force 1946 - 1952. N.Z.R. employee. Executive member since 1977. Social committee member.

\* \* \* \* \*

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E.J. FRISKEN (John) R.N.Z.N. 1960/68. Ex Malayan. Marlborough Harbour Board Security Officer. Executive member since 1974. Clubhouse Committee, Social Committee and Publicity Officer.

\* \* \* \* \*

W.L. MOODY (Les) W.W.2. Air Force S.W.O. 15 Fighter Sqdn. Retired panel beater. Elected to executive 1978. Les has assisted with welfare work since 1977.

\* \* \* \* \*

F.J. MURREL (Johnny) W.W.2. 25 Battalion. Also served A.S.I. Trentham as an instructor Sergeant. Retired painter and paperhanger. Johnny joined the executive in 1969, was Vice President for 1972 and President 1973/75. He also served as Secretary 70/71. He has been our regular welfare Officer for all of this period, and is a popular visitor at hospitals on Thursdays, or any other day he takes it in his fancy to visit comrades.

\* \* \* \* \*

F.T. McCALL (Fred) W.W.2. R.N.Z.A.F. Attached 37 Sqdn. R.A.F. Wireless Operator. Air gunner. Storeman/Salesman. Executive member since 1975. Finance committee.

\* \* \* \* \*

R.W.H. SMITH (Ritchie) 'K' Force 1951-53. Marlborough Harbour Board Security Officer. Elected to Executive 1978. Ritchie has supervised the maintenance of the cemetery for three years and is chairman of the newly formed cemetery committee.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **PICTON GOSSIP**

#### WATCH THE DITCH

After leaving the very enjoyable ball on 22nd July a quartet of Pictonians arranged themselves in various states of sobriety in their cars to return home. The ladies, sober (driver) and soberish (co-pilot) and the gents, not less than socially excited in the back.

First stop, golf course, where an exercise in aerial topdressing was exhibited. (Sorry) if the grass died !)

Second stop, somewhere between Grove Bridge and Grovetown, an emergency stop was skilfully executed. "Watch the ditch", was the warning from the sober driver. "What did you s.."splash!

After he was retrieved from the waist deep blackberry infested ditch, he discovered he didn't want to give his aerial topdressing exhibition after all.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the Picton Social planned for the 26th August has been cancelled. However, it is hoped to have a sing -a-long instead. These evenings have proved to be most popular and entertainment is assured. Next Social will be 23rd September.

An entertaining weekend is guaranteed next month, when a bus will leave the Clubrooms at 0800 hours on Saturday 30th September for the bi-annual visit to Westport R.S.A. The cost of the visit will be in the region of \$50 - \$60 for a couple. The bus will return to Picton at approximately 1800 hours on Sunday 1st October.

Because of the popularity of the visit, time and accommodation have almost climaxed into expiration, so you have only time left to make an urgent call to the Secretary (Phone 114) to book your seat for a weekend of fun and laughs.

<u>BAR HOURS</u>	These are :-	Monday to Thursday	11am - 12 noon 3pm - 10 pm
		Friday & Saturday	11am - 11 pm.

### **R.S.A. LADIES PICTON**

The Picton R.S.A. Social Room had what might be termed an 'invasion' of women for the day on Tuesday 18th July, when it was the turn of the Picton Women's Section to entertain their Blenheim Associates at the reciprocal games contests held annually. However, middle aged ladies were not to be observed jumping hurdles or flinging the discus; their activities were a little less strenuous although keenly contested, nevertheless. After greeting the guests with a cup of tea on their arrival at 10 a.m several mats of bowls were played until the lunch break when most of the visitors chose to browse around the town. For the afternoon session card tables replaced the bowling mats, and opposing teams of Euchre and Crib players were formed. After a sumptuous afternoon tea, the scores were announced by Picton President, Betty Topp. Picton scooped the pool in both bowls and cards this year, thereby retaining the cards trophy. When handing over the Bowls Trophy, Blenheim Women's President, Mrs Allen thanked the Picton ladies for a happy and entertaining day, and looked forward to hosting the return visit from Picton Section next July.

There was much hilarity among some of the less serious players on both sides, and this distraction was bravely tolerated by the more dedicated players present. The smooth running of the day's events was due in a large degree to the behind-the-scenes preparations of Picton's Secretary Eileen Mattingley. Although the two trophies were left behind, the Blenheim ladies did not go home empty-handed however, as three of their members, Mesdames Lambourne, Haack and Brookes were successful in winning all three raffles.

Joan M. Taylor

## AWATERE BRANCH

The men of Awatere elected the following Officers of their Branch for the current year:-

President	G. Avery
Vice Presidents	J. McKee, C.Harris
Secretary	F. Conway
Committee	A.D. Dick, R. Brown, W.D. Allan, C.Cooper, D. Boyce, J. Pattie, T. Hammond, S. Badman, P. Johnston and S. Watson also delegate.

As with other branches they turned out in force to successfully resist a repeated attempt to encroach on the privileges endowed in Rule 49. Regardless of Gold Bricks!

### DO YOU KNOW

If you have anything for sale, hire or you want work done, or require staff, send all requests and enquiries to R.S.A. Office, addressed to Sub-Editor. A small fee will be charged to go to the Hospital Comfort Fees.

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## EX MALAYAN SERVICES ASSN

Moves are at present being made to establish a Marlborough Branch of the Ex-Malayan Services Association and an invitation is extended to all those who have served in any branch of the Armed Services in the Malaya, Singapore and Borneo areas to join. To this end a meeting was convened on Thursday 29th June and an interim committee was formed comprising all who attended. They are Bob Fidler, President; Peter Callahan, Secretary; Murray Carroll, Alick Tapp, Peter Slape, Snow Bignall, Lindsay Learmonth, Mike Morrison, Bill Pawson, John Bull, Kerry Roche, Keith Stanley, Keith McGhie and Dave Porteous.

The objects of the branch are:-

- (a) To further the mutual interests and welfare of its members
- (b) To organise and promote such social functions as are necessary for the needs of the branch and its members.
- (c) To maintain contact with and renew the friendships made while serving in the Malaysian area.

In order to form a local branch of the Association all members must belong to the national body which has its headquarters in Auckland. The Association produces a newsletter which is posted to all members 5 or 6 times a year and also raises funds to subsidise a national reunion which is held biennially the next one being held in Wanganui Labour weekend 1979. The annual subscription to the National Association is \$3.00, lapel badges are also available priced at \$1.00 each.

A social evening has been arranged for members their wives and partners and will be held at the Picton R.S.A. Rooms on Saturday 16th September at 2000 hours, this will be the first official function of the Branch and the committee confidently anticipate that it will be the forerunner of many more to come.

Tickets to this function priced at \$2.00 each are available from Bob Fidler - phone 87099 ex 722 bus, 88300 home, Peter Callahan phone 87099 ex 889 bus, 5995 home, and Dave Porteous, C/- Picton R.S.A.

Application forms for membership of the association are also available from the same source.

The next meeting of the Ex-Malayan Services Association (Marlborough Branch) will be held in the meeting room Marlborough R.S.A., Alfred Street Blenheim on Wednesday 30th August at 1930 hours when details of the social will be finalised.

The September meeting will be held in Picton and all subsequent meetings will alternate between there and Blenheim on a monthly basis.

# Cue Points

By Jigger

A very successful Pool Club has been operating within the R.S.A. for several months now, and thanks to President Morry Elby, several home and away games have been played with other clubs. Among these was a visit to Picton R.S.A. where we managed to win the trophy of a 'Mounted Pool Ball' played between the two Clubs for the first time.

Visits also to the Corporals and Sergeants Mess at Woodbourne was enjoyed by all, as was a lavish supper.

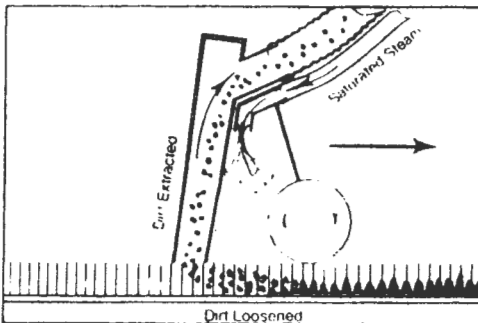
A highlight last month was the return visit of the Sergeants Mess when a late permit was obtained until 11.30 p.m. Pool, cards and indoor bowls were played to keep the large crowd circulating and this was followed by a supper equally as good as what had been put on for us.

We have several keen lady members and some of them are very good at potting the black as some of the "guns" have found out. Membership is only \$2.00.

It is interesting to note that in our R.S.A. Balance Sheet for the year, under the heading "Billiards" an increase of \$650 was shown and as 95% of the members play pool it shows how popular the game has become and besides being an asset to the Club it brings more members and their wives together socially.

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# crossword puzzle 1

Answers to this crossword will be in the next issue.

## ACROSS

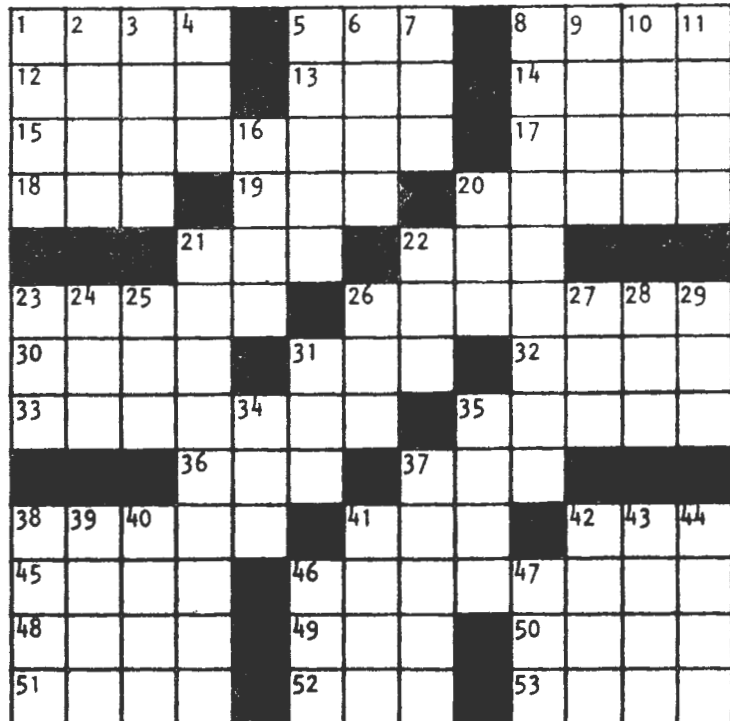
1. Danny or Sammy
5. Tainted
8. Edible rootstock
12. Amo, amas, —
13. Slender finial
14. Ardor
15. Fund-raising performance
17. Russian river
18. Compass reading
19. Possessed
20. Edible nut
21. Weight unit
22. Surpass
23. Young pigeon
26. Scent bags
30. Egg-shaped
31. Moo
32. Olive genus
33. Loose outer garment
35. Ria, for one
36. Insane
37. American humorist
38. Biblical name
41. Entire amount
42. Paid notices
45. Redact
46. Kind of message
48. Identical

49. Crude metal
50. French river
51. Hebrew measure
52. Trifle
53. Assess

## DOWN

1. Girl's nickname
2. Popular singer
3. New England college
4. Summer on the Seine
5. Irish playwright
6. Footless animal
7. Continued loud noise
8. Bell's brainchild
9. Fish sauce
10. Frog genus
11. Biblical name
16. Norse god
20. Leather moccasin
21. Distance-measuring instrument
22. Crow's call
23. Burst open
24. Yellow bugle
25. Chum
26. Drunkard
27. House wing

28. Head of the fairway
29. Perched
31. Danish weight
34. Child's game
35. Vain
37. Bowling lane
38. Mexican coin
39. Cheese
40. Fruit
41. Air (comb. form)
42. Song heard at La Scala
43. Flit
44. Pintail duck
46. Small child
47. Pikelike fish





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